THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

June, 1806.

THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

[With a most elegant Portrait.]

THE illustrious Lady, whose Portrait adorns the conclusion of our Volume, is the present wife of George Townshend, MARQUIS TOWNSHEND, of Rainham, Viscount Townshend, Baron Townshend, of Lynn, and a Baronet; Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Norfolk, a Field-Marshal, and Governor of Jersey. He first married, in 1751, Charlotte, Baroness de Ferrars, of Chartley, only daughter of James, Earl of Northampton, by whom he had issue.

His Lordship married, secondly, May 19, 1773, Anne, the daughter of Sir William Montgomery, the present Marchioness, by whom he has issue:

1. Anne, born Feb. 1, 1775. Married, 1795, to Harrington Hudson, Esq.
2. Charlotte, born March 17, 1776. Married, 1797, to the Duke of Leeds.
3. Honoria-Maria, born July 6, 1777.
4. William, born Sept. 5, 1778.
5. Harriot, born April 20, 1782.
6. James-Nugent-Boyle-Bernardo, born Sept. 11, 1785.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XCIII.

THOUGH it is impossible to notice all my kind correspondents, who nevertheless have my most grateful thanks, according to my established plan, I bring forward at intervals such of their contributions as are most likely to interest and amuse my fair readers. The following, I trust, will fill up this paper to advantage.

Dear Madam, *Pig Farm.*

I am but an illiterate body, as one may say; but I thinks as how I can write as well as my husband, Master John Bullock, of Gloucestershire, to whose letter you gave a place in your Old Woman a few months ago. He, worthy man! never studied scholarship; and, except the Bible and Old Tusser, of which he gave you a sample, seldom ever opens a book. My daughters and I, however, are not a little fond of reading, though we never suffer it to interfere with the business of the dairy; and when our work is done for the day, and the weather will not allow us to walk, we sit down, and improve or amuse ourselves with any book that comes in our way. We are almost as fond of *Tusser* as my good Master; and as he told you, on the authority of that cramp old gentleman, what a good *housewife* ought to be, he will excuse me, if I quote from the same authority, the character of a good *husband.*

Good husbands that loveth good houses to keepe,
Are oftentimes careful when others do sleepe:
Goe count with thy coffers, when harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save or to win:
Son, think not thy money purse bottom to burne,
But keep it for profit to serve thine own turne,
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after with sorrow repents him too late.
Good bargaine a doing make privy but few,
In selling refraine not abroad it to shew.

Once

Once placed for profit, looke never for ease,
Except you beware of such misers as these:
Unthriftiness, slothfulnesse, carelesse, and rash
That thrusteth thee headlong to run in the lash.
Make hunger thy sauce, as a medicine for health,
Make thrift to be butler, as physick for wealth.

I will not go farther, though the author continues the same sound advice through several pages. As you promised, however, now and then to visit the farm, I hope you will not take amiss what I have written, nor refuse to admit the following excellent advice to *Cicely*, the dairy-maid, in respect to the making of cheese, in which ten faults are to be avoided, which Tusser thus sums up.

Gehazie, Lots' wife, and Argus his eyes,
Tom Piper, poore cobler, and Lazarus thies.
Rough Esau, with Maundlin, and gentiles that scrall,
With bushop that burneth: Thus know ye them all.
These toppingly guests be in number but ten,
As welcome in dairy, as beares among men.

I will not trouble you with Tusser's explanation of these guests—but I will shortly observe, for the satisfaction of my sisters of the dairy, that the faults are *white and dry—too salt—full of eyes—hoven—tough—full of haires—full of whey—full of gentiles—burnt to the pan.*

After wishing you health and happiness, and telling you how glad I should be to entertain you at Pig Farm in Gloucestershire,

I remain, Dear Madam,
Yours to command,
MARGERY BULLOCK.

Mrs. Margery Bullock has my best thanks; and as she is much better acquainted with the dairy than I can possibly be, as well as with the rules of good management in husbandry, I am happy to let her appear a match for her husband. Had I admitted

the communication of the one, and refused that of the other, I might have been thought guilty of partiality, and sown the seeds of jealousy and dissention between a worthy couple, who, regardless of modern refinements, stick to the counsels of experience, and the lessons of ancient wisdom. Many of my young readers, perhaps, would prefer a *Della Crusca* sonnet or ode, which, like a "tale told by an ideot, is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" but for my part, I like the quaintness of the old georgical poet, of Good Queen Bess's reign, and wish to make him better known.

Old Woman! *Cavendish-Square.*

I am a lady of a certain age myself, but I believe not much older than your youngest grandchild; and instead of being contented with common-place advice, and now and then a sly reflection, more worthy of a grizzle wig than a mob cap, I am desirous you should call the attention of the other sex to the merits of those who have passed their teens, and recommend middle-aged women not only to old bachelors, but to the young and inexperienced, who would find them the most useful helpmates and the most loving partners in the world. Fye! upon the taste of the men. They are running after every young, giddy, rosy cheeked smirking girl, and will scarcely pay decent attention to us, who would be ready to repay their attention, and even to meet them halfway. I was never yet married, but I do not despair, as I have a pretty good fortune, and am neither crooked in body or in mind. I should not dislike an officer on half-pay, nor a parson with a small living. If you have interest with either of these professions, you may be of essential service to a worthy man, by recommending,

Madam,

Yours as you behave,

JULIANA LACKMAN.

As I cannot debase myself by turning marriage-broker, it is wholly out of my power to be of any further service to Miss Juliana Lackman, than by allowing her wants and her wishes to appear in the Old Woman. I am not ignorant, that "ladies of a certain age," may make good wives; mothers they perhaps relinquish any title to! but I do not imagine that I have influence enough with the gentlemen, to induce them to withdraw their attention from the young and the beautiful, and fix their regard on gravity and grey hairs; unless they stand in need of a nurse, or wish to repair a broken fortune, by linking themselves to any female who possesses the grand desideratum of money.

Old Moralist,

I must be brief. Your papers do not please me. Why will you not give us an account of routes, balls, concerts, plays, fashions, and even politics, rather than be constantly boring your readers with maxims and reflections? Be assured the young heartily despise your lessons of prudence, and the old are too stubborn to adopt the opinions of any one, if they run counter to their own prejudices. I wish to make the best of my time—I mean to enjoy it. Tell me how this can be done, and you will oblige

Your most obsequious
ANNA LETITIA TRIPPET.

Miss Trippet is so very candid in her confessions of dislike, that I will not increase it by arguing against her pursuits, or attempting to justify my own. She wishes to *enjoy* time. There is only one mode by which that can be accomplished—namely, by spending it well. This will render every hour pleasant while it passes, and will delight in the retrospect. It will soothe the mind in distress—it will heighten its raptures in joy—it will render every period of life agreeable, and even disarm death of its terrors.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

My dear Old Lady,

I AM a young and, vanity apart, a handsome fellow: I had the good fortune to be born in Ireland, and consequently do enjoy the satisfaction of being styled an Irishman, which I hope, my sweet Old Lady, will sufficiently apologize for this address; it being, as you will hereafter observe, on the subject of love and ladies, which I take to be terms exclusively Irish: at any rate, terms more revered there than in any other place—except itself; for you must know (but, indeed, I suppose that you well know already, as you seem to have a wonderful *twang* in love matters) that in love affairs an Irishman always takes the lead, except when there is somebody before him. Now I believe that I am the first of my countrymen that ever stood in my shoes before—You will readily suspect me to be an officer, that is, an ensign, in his Majesty's service—you are right enough—and again, nothing can be more in course, than for you to think me a field-officer in the bow-and-arrow establishment of Cupid: by my troth, you are right; this is the only kind of *engagement* that ever I served in too; and, after having made so many conquests, I think it, you see, a little disgraceful to myself, to be defeated by this milk-and-water-faced bit of a beautiful angel that I am just going to tell you about.

I am stationed here along with a parcel of ourselves; and I believe our men are here too, but I do not know much about that neither. I have been in the habit of seeing a quantity of pretty women every day; and, as a red coat is a kind of cloak now-a-days for impertinence, I have been no way shilly-shally about introducing myself: duty to the fair is always a first-rate

a first-rate object with an Irishman; therefore I must do them the justice to allow, that their manner of receiving me into the catalogue of their acquaintance, has been truly flattering to me, and by no means tainted with that pitiful specimen of behaviour—ceremony. I *beau'd* them in their walks; gallanted them at balls; passed for a wit at table; and, as the ladies frequently told me, was a *deuce* at cards. There now, you may see what a favorite I was with the ladies: let me whisper in your ear, Madam: some of them were coy enough; but troth and truly now, I was always one of those kind of people, who like things best that are most difficult to come at: so you see, I determined to myself, to scale the garden walls at a little trouble, and enjoy the choice fruit, rather than mumble on at crabs in the hedges, which are free to all comers. In consequence of this resolution, I made a proposal to Miss Marianne Boldwit, a beautiful—Oh! it would make you young again to see her. But I believe you will not like her neither, on account of her usage to me. Well, I thought matters were all *settled;* except, indeed, the marriage *settlement,* which I never thought proper to speak of, because I never thought of it; the night was appointed; I stood at her window, expecting to receive her every moment; the chaise waited too: at last down from the window she comes; she groaned very much, but I could not prevail on her to speak at all; however, I bundled her into the chaise, and shut ourselves close up. Thinking the dear creature was overcome with agitation, and stunned by the fall, I laid my cheek to her's, which was cold enough to be sure for a hot summer's night: my cheek, however, and neck, and hands, which I had thrown round her, were soon hot enough. In short, to let you fully into my sad story, (for I am only now beginning it with the sequel,) the lady I had in the chaise, was an image dressed up to be the dear creature herself, with her inside all full of *bees,* and I close shut up with them in the

chaise. Did you but see me, good Lady, all lumps and boils. Now all that I request is this, that you will inform ladies of the shame and disgrace attending such conduct; and point out the propriety of attaching themselves, and fortune, to gentlemen like me, who will keep them as comfortable as possible, as long as their money lasts; and when it is done, they shall be handsomely maintained out of our pay, which is 4s. 6d. a day, more or less. We frequently make an addition to it by playing at chess.

Your's, &c.

BRYAN O'RANKLE.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Madam,

THE obsolete term by which you have thought proper to be denominated, upon the first appearance of the Lady's Museum, struck me as so completely unnatural and strange, that several months elapsed before my curiosity was sufficiently excited to feel the slightest inclination to peruse any of your remarks; but having been informed by a friend, they were appropriate, and judicious, I endeavoured to conquer that antipathy which the title you have assumed seldom fails to inspire. Even the novelty of the appellation, Madam, could not reconcile it to my ideas; though, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, we have scarcely heard that such an animal existed in this Isle: indeed, that celebrated Sovereign, I believe, was the first who exploded every appearance of

of age; and agreed that the devastations of Nature should be completely effaced by the aid of art.

You, my good old lady, however, seem proud of an appellation, which excites a degree of horror in the generality of your sex; well knowing, that little more respect is now paid an old woman, than would be shown to the remains of a dead cat. In vain does the celebrated Mrs. More exert her superior talents, and endeavour to prove the *gracefulness of years; for not one convert has she made to her opinion, that age may be both loved and admired. Wrinkles and grey hairs are now become so obnoxious, that, was it not for the aid of cosmetics and wigs, it is doubtful to me whether they would not be treated with as little respect as is paid them in Negroland†; but false teeth, false hair, and enamelling compositions, fortunately banish every appearance of age.

The portrait, Madam, with which you have gratified the curiosity of the public, in spite of its antiquated habiliments, excited a degree of respect: in short, it reminds me of my much-respected grandmother, whose memory I at once love and revere. She, in truth, had, according to Mrs. More's ideas, learned the art of growing old gracefully: her whole life was a preparation for a better world; yet no rigid appearance of sanctity marked her conduct, or repressed the natural cheerfulness of youth. She was, in fact, Madam, what an old woman ought to be, and what I have reason to believe you are, the friend of the afflicted, the instructor of the inexperienced, and the promoter of humanity, tenderness, and love.

But

* See Mrs. H. More's Strictures upon Education, to grow old gracefully.

† The savage mode of selling elderly females the moment their beauty begins to fade, and purchasing handsome young slaves with the produce, is not merely confined to that part of the African states.

But the purport of this letter, my dear old lady, was not to expatiate upon the good qualities of my grandmother, or to compliment yours, but merely to ask your opinion upon a subject in which my future happiness is materially concerned. I had the misfortune to lose my parents at so early a period, as scarcely to be sensible of its weight: my infancy was fostered, and my education superintended, by two maiden aunts. To these relations I am attached by the ties of gratitude and consanguinity; though they have not the happy art of gaining the confidence of a young mind; for they exact those attentions as a duty, which a grateful heart would voluntarily pay; and, instead of trying to win my affection, they have never been able to excite a warmer sentiment than esteem.

Their attachment to me, I believe to be unbounded; but, from a natural infirmity of temper, they display it in an extraordinary way: in short, I find myself happier in any other place than I am at home. Though no longer a child, they cannot fancy me a woman, but issue their commands with as much authority as if I had just entered my teens; instead of which, I have recently discarded them, and am now in my twentieth year. By the will of my father, (who married very early,) I have an undoubted right to dispose of my person at the age I have just named; and upon this subject it is, Madam, that I wish to ask your opinion, as my aunts unfortunately are too prejudiced for me to be guided by their advice. A young Oxonian, the son of a neighbouring clergyman, has for the last two years paid me a marked attention whenever we met; and as his manners are prepossessing, and his person handsome, I received them with unaffected pleasure and ease; and the very moment he knew I had acquired a right over my own person, with the usual forms of such declarations, he made me an offer of his hand.

My

My aunts, exasperated against him, from not having been consulted, not only treat him with coldness, but absolute insult; and assure me I shall be inevitably miserable, if I am mad enough to become his wife. When I implore them to assign a reason for this opinion, the constant reply is, "I well know the man: he is incapable of making any woman happy, Eliza: he will be a domestic tyrant, and mark what I have said."

These assertions, my dear Madam, though they carry no proof with them, I confess, make an impression upon my heart, and excite a thousand apprehensions, which, but for them, I am persuaded never would have occurred. My aunts not only disapprove this alliance, but are anxious for me to marry a young gentleman, who, in point of fortune, is very superior to poor Charles; and whose manners, to do him justice, are those of a well-bred man. His attachment to me, I have reason to believe, is no less strong than his rival's; for rivals, in the true sense of the expression, they are, as neither tries to conceal the aversion which they separately feel. In the breast of Charles, the sentiment of dislike is evidently heightened by the passion of jealousy: a word of common civility addressed to Henry agitates his whole frame; and the first convenient moment he can find, he accuses me of sporting with his feelings, and totally destroying his peace.

The passions of Henry may be equally tender; but they, doubtless, are less ardent: a smile directed towards his rival, will make him turn pale; and if our eyes meet, a tender confusion seems to overwhelm him; and, in a low voice, he exclaims, "Too happy Charles!" Now, my dear Madam, let me implore you to indulge me with your candid opinion upon a subject in which I find myself incompetent to judge; yet it is necessary that I should say, though I esteem Henry, my heart feels a decided preference to Charles. This I have candidly told the former. His answer

regularly

regularly is, "Take time: I will wait with patience the most distant period. Only give me the slightest hope!" Charles, on the contrary, urges an immediate marriage; declares that his passion is so violent, that it destroys his peace; and vows, that the day I bestow my hand upon his rival, he will put a period to his life.

In your last paper, Madam, I was struck with the description of Theodosius and Theodora: on the passion of jealousy you certainly are rather severe, as I had always considered it as proceeding from violent affection, not from an unamiable disposition, or a bad heart. The agitation which I have frequently seen poor Charles suffer at the slightest civility paid to any other man, always appeared to me the most striking proof of affection which it was possible for him to display: but your candid sentiments upon the subject will eternally oblige,

Madam,

Your devoted humble servant,

ELIZA DOUBTFUL.

May 10th, 1806.

ON LIBERTY.

WHAT a high value ought we to set on liberty, since without it, nothing great, or suitable to the dignity of human nature, can be possibly produced! Slavery is the fetter of the tongue, the chain of the mind, as well as of the body; it embitters life, sours and corrupts the passions, damps the towering faculties implanted within us, and stifles in the birth the seeds of every thing that is amiable, generous, and noble. Reason and freedom are our own, and given to continue so; we are to use, but cannot resign them without rebelling against Him who gave them.

THE

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[Concluded from Page 318]

"WHILE preparations were making for chusing the new Monarch, the Court issued an order, that all proceedings on that head should be suspended, till the character of Prince Calan, who was accused of plotting the death of his brother, should be cleared up, or the charge be proved against him. I was struck with astonishment and consternation, (continued the young man,) on hearing this. I flew to my beloved master; he looked in my face, and anticipated what I was about to say. "I have heard a rumour of the strange charge against me, Agib," said he. "You know my heart: you know such a charge as has been brought, or rather forged, against me, is utterly incompatible with my character." "O Heavens! how incompatible!" answered I. "I speak to you in confidence," returned the Prince. "I see, I grieve to say it, the intrigues of a Court, the designs of an ambitious brother, in this unjust and cruel charge. Alas! how welcome would Prince Valmon be to the crown; but he knows the choice of the people would fall on me."

"The day appointed for the trial of the Prince arrived: he was charged with meditating the murder of his brother; and, to the astonishment of Calar, many plausible proofs were brought forward, all tending to confirm the false charge. It was said that Calan had bribed Bahbac, a learned man, to give him counsel and assistance in the murderous scheme; and that Bahbac, struck with horror at the proposal, had betrayed it to the Court. Calan raised his eyes in amazement. "Tis true," cried he, "that I visited Bahbac, the master of philosophy; I consulted him on morality, and the command of the

Passions. Heaven is my witness, nothing further passed betwixt us. Who has slandered me *so grossly?* Summon the philosopher; he cannot but confirm my words." Bahbac was at hand: he came forward. Alas! the innocent Prince knew not the depravity of man, or how deep the plans of a Court are laid. Bahbac, with a confident look, confirmed the charges. Calan was in amaze; he defied him to look in his face, and to swear by Heaven to so black a slander. Bahbac fixed his eyes on him, and confirmed with oaths the most solemn, his infernal falsehood. Calan clasping his hands together, and looking upwards, "Sole Judge of man," cried he, "Thou discernest the arts which have succeeded against me! To Thee I commit myself."

"The innocent Prince was condemned to death, and they bore him, calm and tranquil, to the gloomy dungeon.

"How uncertain is the fate of man! how insecure is innocence in a world of guilt!" cried the Prince; "how treacherous the manners of a Court! and how can Ambition steel the heart of a brother! Ah, Envy, baleful passion! rather, infinitely rather, would Calan be thy victim than thy votary. But Calan, thy spirit, freed from the vexations of life, how shortly may it rest in peace, while the harpies of Remorse feed on the repose of thy slanderers!" While Calan was thus reflecting on his hapless fate, the whole city was in tumults concerning their adored Prince; they doubted not of his innocence, nor hesitated in believing Valmon and his Court the authors of the vile fabrications against him.

"The hour appointed for the execution of Calan at length arrived, and they conducted the firm and undaunted Prince from the dungeon. The whole city, unanimous for the rescue of so universal a favorite, rose at once: they overpowered the guards by their numbers; delayed the execution; and thronging round the Palace gates, demanded Calan! So violent

violent was the uproar, and so general the outcry, that Prince Valmon, perceiving his danger, changed his brother's sentence to banishment to the Hollow Mountain in this forest, and the multitude were permitted immediately to conduct him to it.

"When arrived at a distance from the Court, they prostrated themselves before Calan, and professing allegiance to him, swore he alone should be their King, and that they would never acknowledge Valmon. It needed all the eloquence and intreaties of the peaceable and unaspiring Calan, to combat this resolution of the people: he, however, at last prevailed. They conducted the Prince to this Mountain, and summoning ingenious mechanics, took a pride in beautifying it for his habitation. To this dwelling I soon followed the Prince of my affections, where for eight years have we resided.

"We had not been ten long months inhabitants of the Mountain, when a graceful youth came to us, and requested to be admitted as a page; declaring that to dwell with a character so admirable as Calan's, constituted his highest ambition. I introduced the young stranger to the Prince, imparting to him the request he had made.

"Calan received him with his accustomed sweetness, thanked him for his flattering opinion of him; but endeavoured to dissuade him from a plan so very unsuitable to his gay time of life. The youth, on this, shook his head; and fixing his eyes on the Prince, with an expression of tender reproach, "Do not refuse me, I intreat you," said he, in an emphatic manner, the color of his cheek heightening while he spoke. Calan, looking tenderly on him, "You will think better of it in a little time, my child," said he. The youth fixed his eyes on the ground, and was silent.

"The remainder of the day Prince Calan was absent and melancholy; he sighed often, and frequently

gazed on the young stranger; but always turned away in emotion when their eyes met.

"When we retired for the night, "Agib," said he, "that handsome youth must not reside with us; you shall persuade him against it: to him it is only the indulgence of an idle whim; to me it would be a source of perpetual torment!"

"How, my Lord?" enquired I, surprised.

"He is," answered the Prince, "almost the image of the woman I have from my earliest years adored: and it was to subdue my passion for her, that I visited the vile Bahbac, who arrogantly pretended to instruct mankind in the command of the Passions. Yes, Agib, every feature of this stranger brings to my remembrance the angelic countenance of the Princess Zada, that most celebrated beauty at the Court of my father—that beauty, who, uncorrupted by the flatterers who surround her, has rendered herself as conspicuous by the charms of her mind as by the graces of her fascinating figure. His features are all turned like her's; he has her very actions, the same bewitching air, the same sweet manner of raising his eyes when you speak to him, and his eyes seem to sparkle with equal fire. Like the glance of her's, they embarrass, they penetrate, they transfix! No, he must not—he shall not dwell with me. What folly would it be! I should thus waste the too-quickly flying hours of life in gazing on the figure of a handsome boy, to the utter exclusion of far more important reflections!"

"I promised to talk with the young man, and left the Prince.

"And why may I not reside here?" cried the youth, with a sweet impatience of voice and manner, when I advised his departure.

"My Lord, the Prince thinks," answered I, "that your youth will be lost here; that you cannot be happy, immured from the world, and chained to solitude. Why, young man, should you desire it? why

why wish to fly from society, and bury yourself in the hollow of a gloomy mountain?"

"Because," answered the youth, "Heaven smiles on the gloomy mountain; the Virtues and Calan dwell within it!"

"Many virtues reside in the world," answered I: "and it is not virtue which leads youth to seclude itself from society—youth is formed for active life."

"You are young," returned the stranger, with quickness: "Why do you seclude yourself?" "I?—because I am the confident, the friend of Calan: I lived with him in prosperity; and should I forsake him in adversity, he would think himself deserted; he would be unhappy were I to leave him."

"Go," cried the youth, with animation; "go, enjoy that world which I am sick of, and from whence virtue and Calan are banished. The Prince shall not miss you; I will be the friend and the confident of Calan in your room."

"But," answered I, "if it were the wish of the Prince that you should depart?"

"It is not his wish," answered he; "it cannot be." He cast his eyes on the ground, and added, "For what harm can I do him?"

"He earnestly wishes it," said I; "and, that you may take no offence, I will tell you why: he sees in you the resemblance of a beloved mistress; and as he can never hope to possess her, he wishes to banish her remembrance from his mind—this, your remaining here would render impossible."

"While I spoke these words, the youth often changed color; then fixing his eyes on mine, "Put him in mind of a beloved mistress!" repeated he; "'tis impossible!—Who is this beloved mistress?"

"The celebrated beauty, the Princess Zada," answered I. "You are wonderfully like her—at this moment I perceive how much so: have you never been told that you are?"

"I like Zada!" cried he, in confusion. "And why did he not offer his hand to this beloved mistress?" he continued.

"How, with his figure," answered I, "could he hope to please a beauty, for whom graceful and accomplished Princes sighed in vain?"

"Amiable Calan!" cried Zada, for it was herself. "Behold, young man," she continued, a tear rushing to her eye, "behold Zada, attracted by the virtues of Calan to the solitude of his banishment. Disgusted with a Court, where vices only flourish with elegant forms destitute of souls, with grandeur without peace, and courtiers without sincerity, I abandon all, to follow the man whom virtue alone has exalted to the admiration of mankind. Tell the Prince I am here; that Zada has quitted the world, and rejected Princes, for him alone." I flew with transport to Calan, while the beautiful Zada habited herself in a suit of female attire. I attempt not to describe the emotions of the Prince. I introduced the Princess Zada to him. She raised not her eyes on Calan, but, half averting her head, "Ah, Prince," cried she, "how will you reconcile this bold step to prudence?" Calan bathed her hand with his tears: he spoke of his respectful love, of his heart-felt gratitude, but conjured her to leave him to his misfortunes, nor ever to think of uniting her angelic perfections to a state so gloomy. Zada smiled when he spoke of love; but angrily withdrew her hand from his when he pressed her departure. At length, "Unkind Calan!" cried she, "you do but flatter by saying you love me, while you are driving me from you--from the retreat of peace my heart has long desired, to a wilderness of weeds where nothing pleases me: but if I interrupt your meditations, and disturb your pursuits, if you really wish my absence, farewell; Zada will no more trouble you."

"Ah, beloved of my soul!" cried the transported Prince, "how did I murmur, and charge Heaven with

with having devoted my life to solitude and sorrow, when thou, too lovely—too amiable—wert meditating for my happiness!—And dare I resign myself to joy, and may I cease to violate the softest feelings of my heart, by urging thy departure from this Mountain, which thy bright beauties have already transformed to a paradise of sweets! O, Zada, accept my love; the study of my life shall be to merit yours."

"The hands of the amiable pair were in a few days united. They have since lived in the most perfect harmony: the tenderness of lovers still characterizes their behaviour to each other. Calan is all admiration, all attention: Zada, all softness and tenderness. They honor me with their confidence; and peace dwells in the Mountain. All who know Prince Calan, adore him; and though here we are surrounded by banditti, the virtues of the Prince are our guards from every ill!"

Here the young man ceased; and our travellers thanked him for the narration: they then retired for a few hours repose.

In the morning they were ushered into a handsome apartment. The Prince had not yet risen; but Zada, the most interesting female that had ever met the eyes of our travellers, surrounded by four lovely children, was waiting to receive them. She conversed with them, in the most affable manner, on various subjects. The door at length opened, and Calan entered. It was the little figure they had seen in the forest; but how different were now their emotions! The story they had heard of him, cast a radiance around his form, and his benignant soul seemed to shine in his aspect—that aspect which had so lately appeared almost hideous. Impressed with shame, they knew not what to say, or how to look. Palemon averted his head; Philander and Dorantes threw themselves at the feet of the Prince, and in broken accents requested forgiveness, and expressed their acknowledgments.

Calan saw and pitied their confusion: he raised them from the ground, welcomed them to his abode, and kindly inquired into their concerns.

While they were conversing, loud shouts of joy arrested their attention. Calan listened attentively; and Zada rose in alarm: the noise increased till it arrived at the Mountain, when Agib abruptly entered, his countenance expressive of surprise and joy; and he was about to speak, when a concourse of people entering, cried, "Long live Calan the virtuous! the Sovereign of the hearts of his people!" The brother of Calan was dead. One of his favorites had assassinated him; and, in his last moments, he had done justice to the character of his injured brother. Valmon had reigned like a tyrant, and his subjects rejoiced at his death.

Calan and Zada bade adieu to the Mountain, and were borne in triumph to the Court, where their friends rushed forth to embrace and to welcome them; and where the enemies of the Prince, with abashed countenances, sought to hide their guilty heads in obscurity. Bahbac, when he heard of these events, dreading the vengeance of the new King, stabbed himself in the first emotions of his terror. Thus was the virtuous life of Calan rewarded; and thus was the unaspiring Prince restored to his subjects and his throne. Our travellers witnessed the coronation of Calan and Zada, after which they quitted the Island of Cedars; Dorantes, as he sailed from the shore, repeating this short but sensible exhortation:—"*Never ridicule any one's outward deformities; you know not what treasures they possess within.*"

Their adventures with the Prince of the Mountain was a lesson for them through life: for, when subjects for vulgar ridicule came within their observation, they thought of Calan, and the spirit of derision died in their bosoms.

THE

THE SHIPWRECK;

OR,

"'Tis an ill Wind which blows good to no one."

CHARACTERS.

MR HENDERSON, *a reduced Merchant.*
FREDERICK, *his Son.*
EDWARD THORNBRAKE, *a young Farmer.*
DAME THORNBRAKE.
MARY, *her Daughter.*
CAROLINE HENDERSON, *attached to Edward.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Mr. HENDERSON'S *House.*

CAROLINE *and* MARY *at Work.*

Mary. INDEED, my dear Miss Henderson, I am ashamed of my foolish timidity: it was very wrong of me to disturb you so; but what a terrible storm it was! Never did I witness such an awful scene.

Car. It was very tempestuous, I own, and sufficient to appal any one; yet Providence is ever our best dependence; and I consider it impious to yield to such fears as seem to imply a doubt of its protecting power.

Mary. I agree with you; yet early habits are not easily conquered. My mother is equally timid, and communicated her fears to me. I should have had your example before my eyes when I was very young.

Car. Reason, my dear girl, will enable you to overcome this childish weakness. Think, Mary, how grateful we ought to be for the blessings we enjoy. We are sheltered from the inclemency of the elements,

ments, to which so many unfortunate wretches are exposed even in the village. No doubt, many poor creatures have suffered by the storm, whose habitations were too weak to resist its violence. I think it would serve to calm the perturbation of your spirits, were you to go and console the sufferers with the offer of such relief as we have the means of affording.

Mary. Generous Caroline! Even amidst your own embarrassments, you withhold not relief from others, and bear this cruel reverse of fortune with such uncomplaining humility, that one would imagine you had never known better days, did not your polished manners, and liberal heart, convince one to the contrary.

Car. Ah, you little flatterer! your partiality blinds you to my numerous imperfections.

Mary. Wound not my feelings, dear Miss Henderson, by misinterpreting the language of a grateful heart: do not I owe every thing to you?

Car. Now you are beginning your nonsense again. But, hush! I see your brother is coming across the orchard. How melancholy he looks! What can have happened?

Mary. (Approaching the window.) He does not look like a man on the eve of a happy marriage.

Enter EDWARD.

Ed. My dear Caroline! My dear Mary! You did not expect to see me so soon, I suppose: but they say, "bad news travels fast;" and I have sad tidings, indeed, to relate.

Mary. Do not alarm us unnecessarily, Edward. See how you have terrified Miss Henderson. Let us know at once what has happened.

Ed. I cannot speak it. Caroline, where is your father? I wish to see him.

Car.

Car. I hear his step on the stairs. Mary, what can your brother mean? *(Edward walks about in agitation.)*

Mary. I am lost in conjecture.

Enter MR. HENDERSON.

Mr. H. Good day, Edward. What has brought you over so early?

Ed. A heavy misfortune, Sir! You behold me a ruined man. The storm last night has overwhelmed me with calamity: two of my best stacks are consumed by the lightning; several of my cattle have perished; and all the low ground is deluged by the swell of the river. I fear my finest crops are destroyed: and, to add to my sufferings, my poor mother has been severely hurt by the fall of part of the roof.

Mr. H. These are calamities, it is true, Edward; but they are not irreparable.

Ed. I hope, Sir, they are not: but the delay of my expected happiness is what grieves me.

Mary. But my mother! Edward; shall I hasten to her?

Ed. The sooner the better. She wishes to see you. Caroline, do not you sympathize with me?

Car. Can you doubt it, Edward? But, with regard to our marriage, you know a few months can make little difference.

Mr. H. Why I have been making an estimate of Edward's losses, and find they must be so considerable, as to make a material difference in his prospects, if not in your sentiments, girl. Remember, Caroline, you have nothing to assist him with; and though I hope that a few months of industry on your part, Mr. Thornbrake, will bring matters about again, it is my duty as a parent, to consider the advantage of my child, when I dispose of her in marriage. Without a firm capital, you are liable to these

these contingencies. I have been too hasty, I find, in giving my consent. Many more eligible matches have offered, and I must give the affair consideration.

Car. What do I hear! Surely, my dear father, the loss of a few pounds cannot influence you to retract your consent?

Mr. H. A change in circumstances justifies a change in a man's decision: at any rate, I must act with caution: therefore I would advise you, Edward, to be prepared for what may happen. Absent yourself as much as possible from the house. You understand me, Sir.

Ed. I do, Sir: yet it is a shock which I was wholly unprepared for. Caroline, must I lose you?

Car. Dear Edward, my father cannot be serious. Am not I right, Sir? You cannot mean to separate me from Edward, the youth you have ever expressed the highest esteem for?

Mr. H. Nonsense! Let me have none of this. Edward, be a man. I mean no disrespect to you, but I must do the best I can for my girl.

Car. Is it then true?—Ah! I see it is.—Mary! Mary! Mary!

Mary. Dear Caroline, my heart will break. See poor Edward; he cannot speak; his tears choak him. Oh, Miss Henderson, do not abandon your poor Edward! My mother too! I must leave you. My mother is expecting me. [*Exit.*

Car. Edward, look up; my father will not persist in this unkindness. We have loved each other from infancy with his approbation, and our hearts cannot now be separated. This cloud of sorrow will pass over our heads. We must bear our disappointment patiently: we are young, and have many years of happiness to hope for.

A Servant enters, and delivers a Letter to MR. HENDERSON, *who utters exclamations of joy as he reads.*

Mr. H.

Mr. H. "Ten thousand pounds!"—Lucky rogue! —"coming home!"—There, Caroline, read, and dry up those foolish tears.

Car. (Taking the letter.) From my brother, Sir? Ah, yes, it is my Frederick's writing.

"When this reaches the hand of my dear and honoured father, I shall be on my passage home. This unexpected return is occasioned by the death of my respected patron, who has generously bequeathed me the sum of ten thousand pounds. I have performed the last sad offices of respect and gratitude, and am now eager to revisit my native land, to enliven my father's solitude, and, if possible, improve the prospects of my lovely sister.—If I can in any way contribute to their comfort, my dearest wishes will be gratified.

"Your affectionate son,

"F. HENDERSON."

Mr. H. You see, Caroline, you may be a rich girl at last. How it would hurt your brother's feelings, were you to throw yourself away on a person so much beneath the expectations he has formed for you!

Car. Sir, if my brother loves me, my happiness will be his principal consideration.

Ed. Alas! my Caroline, this is a death-blow to all my long-cherished hopes. I will not avail myself of your kind partiality, to the disadvantage of your family. I must no longer aspire to the blessing I yesterday thought within my reach: honour bids me to withdraw my claim, for I am no longer your equal. Adieu, amiable girl! may you be as happy as you deserve. [*Exit hastily.*

Mr. H. Edward is a sensible young man, and I applaud his conduct; it is just what I expected from him: do you, Caroline, imitate his spirit. When a child would perform her duty, it should not be with reproachful tears, to prove the extent of the sacrifice.

Car. Sacrifice indeed, Sir! I cannot at this moment command my feelings. I will endeavour to act as you wish; and if I breathe a selfish sigh, it shall be in secret.

Mr. H. (Embracing her.) Keep this resolution, my girl, and you will delight your father. Believe me, Caroline, I have your best interest in view: I have an establishment in my mind for you, which would astonish you, if known: be an obedient child, and you shall not go unrewarded. [*Exit.*

Car. Never till now did I feel pain in a father's embrace. How shall I decide? It would surely be treachery to give up Edward; yet painful duty requires that it should be so.

Enter EDWARD.

Ed. I am returned, Caroline, to take a last leave of you: perhaps we may never meet again.

Car. This is talking idly, Edward: do not add to my sufferings by such language.

Ed. I have resolved to quit my home. Promise me only one thing, and you will preserve me from despair.

Car. You alarm me inexpressibly! what are you going to do?—Your mother!—Your sister!

Ed. I know you will be good to them: you will supply to them my loss. In this country I can remain no longer; every object will remind me of lost happiness.

Car. For mercy's sake, what are you going to do? Be not rash, I conjure you.

Ed. It is useless to remonstrate; my determination is made: I may be fortunate abroad, should the event be as I wish; should my Caroline remain faithful!

Car. Doubt not my fidelity, Edward. But I must intreat you to give up this wild scheme; it is folly to despair so soon: I hope much from my brother's affection. My father too, I trust, will, in a short

time, retract his cruel order. Keep up your spirits, I conjure you, and believe that, though separated by fate, I shall never cease to regard you with esteem and affection.

Ed. Sweet girl! you are deluding me with fallacious hopes; but it must not be! I must tear myself away. Farewell! *(Embracing her.)*

Car. Heaven bless you, Edward!—

[*Exeunt at opposite doors.*

SCENE II.

THE BEACH.—*A Wreck.*

EDWARD.

How changed are my prospects since yesterday! the sun rose to light me to calamity, and seems to set exulting in my misery. Yon wrecked vessel is an emblem of my fate. How the shattered bark is tossed by the troubled waves! So when once misfortune blasts our fair prospects, we are buffetted by the waves of adversity, till our happiness is overwhelmed, and hope lost, in the gulph of despair!

(Perceives a small box on the ground: he takes it in his hand with eagerness and anxiety.)

This must have been brought ashore by the tide: the unfortunate owner, perhaps, has perished. Should the contents be valuable, I may dare to call it my own. Oh, Caroline! for thee only do I covet wealth.

A Waterman crosses the stage. EDWARD *conceals the box under his coat.*

Ed. Good fellow, tell me, have you seen any stranger on the coast?

Wat. Not I, master. What makes you ax?

Ed. I was in hopes some poor creature might have escaped from the wreck.

Wat. Not a soul, master. I saw her strike with my own eyes. Poor wretches! 'twas a sorry sight; not a mother's son was saved.

Ed. You may be mistaken. Should you hear of any one being thrown ashore, if living, direct them to the farm.

Wat. Aye, aye, Sir. [*Exit.*

Ed. It would be no harm to open this: the contents may afford a clue to discover the owner. (*He strikes the lock against a stone, some papers fall out: he takes them up.*) What do I see?—Bank notes! can I, dare I, appropriate them to my own use? Is this the gift of Providence? Impious wretch, that I was, to despair! Caroline, thou mayest yet be mine. The moon is up; I will hasten to my poor mother: she will be alarmed at my absence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

THE FARM.

Dame THORNBRAKE *supported in a chair by cushions:* MARY *knitting.*

Dame. My poor boy! what will become of him? He will no longer have any heart to work, and all will go to rack and ruin. Well, well, 'tis a true saying, "misfortunes never come singly." Now only to think of the hard-heartedness of some folk, makes one cry again. So as that proud man used to notice us!

Mary. Do not fret thus, my dear mother! for my part, I am only concerned on Edward's account; though, to be sure, I do love Miss Caroline dearly, and she was always very good to me. But I am quite uneasy at my brother's staying so long.

Dame. And so am I, child. Do sing me a song, to pass away the time.

Mary. I can think of none but melancholy ditties.

Dame. Well; any thing, my dear.

Mary. I will sing the ballad of William and Susan.

SONG.

SONG.—Mary.

Young Susan was a rustic maid,
Admir'd by every village youth;
Her form each blooming charm display'd;
Her mind was innocence and truth.
Blithe William lov'd fair Susan well:
To church they went with spirits gay;
And, with glad peals, the village bell
Proclaim'd to all their wedding-day.
Ding, dong, dell; the merry bell
Proclaim'd to all their wedding-day.

At eve they sought the woodland shade,
With hearts delighted, fond, and true,
"Dear William!" cry'd the anxious maid,
"When will you cease to love your Sue?"
"Never, I swear, till life's last breath,
"Or that sad hour when yonder bell
"Shall change its note to sounds of death,
"And ring my Susan's funeral knell!
"But hark, sweet love! the merry bell
"Reminds us 'tis our wedding day."

A tempest gather'd in the air,
Fond William clasp'd his trembling bride;
The light'ning struck the hapless fair,
And in her lover's arms she died!!
William, heart broken, frantic, pale,
On the damp earth beside her fell;
And soon, alas! the mournful tale
Was told by yonder village bell!
Dong—dell—their funeral knell
Rung on their wedding-day.

As she is singing the last line, a knock is heard. She runs eagerly to the door, and screams with terror at the sight of a stranger, half-undressed, pale, and disordered. He supports her in his arms.

Stranger. What have I done! I have terrified this lovely girl by my abrupt intrusion.

Dame. Mercy on us! where is my boy? Why, Mary! Mary! thee be scared out of thy wits, child.

Mary. (Reviving.) Oh, mother, I am so frightened!

Stranger. Be not alarmed! I would not harm you for the world. I have been shipwrecked on this coast, and have been wandering among the rocks all day without food. I am wet and weary. Is not this a sufficient apology for the mischief I have done?

Dame. Good lack! sit you down, Sir. Mary, dear, get some elder-wine warmed. Well, 'tis a lucky chance you found the farm to-night.

Stranger. Most singularly so. The melodious tones of this young lady's voice served to guide my wandering steps to your hospitable fire-side.

Dame. Why aye, my daughter has a sweet pipe, 'tis true: she was singing a doleful tale; and it's my belief she took you for William's ghost.

Mary. I can laugh at my foolish apprehensions now.

Stranger. I am glad of it; for indeed my appearance had something appalling in it. But may I trespass so far as to beg the indulgence of a few hours repose. Though poor and destitute at present, a time may come when I may have the power to prove my grateful remembrance of your kindness.

Dame. Pr'ythee, Sir, name it not; my son's bed is at your service; I expect him home every minute. You look quite exhausted: do go to bed. Edward shall bring your wine.

Stranger. I am, indeed, far from well. Where shall I find my chamber?

Mary. The first door on your left hand, Sir. *(pointing to the stairs.)*

Stranger. I am much obliged:—for the present, I have only words to repay your goodness with.

[*Exit.*

Dame. A pretty spoken gentleman that, I vow! well, I wish the boy would come home.

Enter

Enter EDWARD.

Ah, my son! we thought you lost. We have had such an adventure!

Ed. And so have I, mother! such good luck!

Dame. Why the dickens, boy, you look quite pleased. What's in the wind now?

Ed. I know not, mother; but I have brought home what has been in the water.

Dame. Nonsense, child! I want none of your fish.

Ed. (Placing the box on the table.) But mine will turn to gold fish.—See, Mary! I have brought you home a fortune.

Mary. Why, Edward! where did you get this money?

The stranger enters unperceived, as if to light his candle: he starts back at sight of the box, and conceals himself.

Stranger. My lost treasure! I will try the honesty of these people.

Ed. I found this on the beach. There are bank notes to a vast amount, without any letters, name, or direction. I have inquired concerning the vessel wrecked last night, and find that all the unfortunate creatures on board perished: if so, this is all our own: and oh, Mary! at what a critical moment has it arrived! it has saved us from misery—from what you little dream of.

Mary. Hold, Edward! exult not too soon. All have not perished! we have a sick gentleman here, who has suffered much. Who knows? this money may be his. You are to take him up some wine, Edward.

Ed. Indeed! then I fear all is lost. But give me the wine; I will inquire of him: for I cannot endure suspense.

STRANGER,

STRANGER, *advancing.*

The wind has extinguished my taper. I hope I do not intrude.

Ed. I was coming to your chamber, Sir, to ask an important question:—in the misfortune of last night, did you lose any property, Sir? this casket—is it yours?—*(anxiously.)*

Stranger. (Examining it.) It is not mine: the youth to whom it belonged was an acquaintance of mine. I saw him sink, but could not save him. I have every reason to believe, I am the only person who escaped.

Ed. But you know his friends, Sir! you can restore it to them.

Stranger. No, my worthy lad! it is justly yours.

Ed. Can I believe you? Oh, Sir, you know not how happy this little treasure will make me!

Mary. Edward! dear Edward! how I long for morning, to fly to Caroline. She will be rejoiced.—Now will her father dare to refuse you, I wonder?

Stranger. So! there is a love story in the case, I find.

Mary. Yes indeed, Sir. My brother has been in sad trouble to-day; but this lucky adventure will set all right.

Dame. Aye! aye! they may well say, "'tis an ill wind which blows nobody good."

Mary. You are fond of old proverbs, mother; but you forget the gentleman has no coat on; and I fear the cold wind through the door will do him no good.

Stranger. Your attention is extremely flattering, Miss Mary. Come, my young friend! if it is agreeable to you, I will share your bed; and if you will favour me with your confidence, I will, in exchange, trust you with a secret which will surprise you. *(looking at Mary.)*

Ed. With all my heart, Sir.

Dame.

Dame. Well! I suppose it is needless to talk about supper: so good repose to you, Sir.

Stranger. Kind friends, good night.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

The House of Mr. HENDERSON.

CAROLINE *at Breakfast.*

I fear my father will perceive I have been weeping. I dare say Edward has passed as sleepless a night as I have. It is useless to attempt eating. I will stroll out, and avoid my father's scrutinizing eyes. *(Going, is met by Edward.)*

Ed. My dear, dear Caroline! you will be delighted with what I have to tell you. I am no longer poor: I may now claim your father's promise; for I am possessed of two thousand pounds!

Car. Astonishment! how did you obtain such a sum?

Ed. Honestly, my Caroline: but I will explain all to Mr. Henderson. Where is he?

Car. In the library. You may go to him: but return quickly; for I am all anxiety.

Enter SERVANT.

A young man desires to speak with you, Miss.

Car. A young man to me! His name?

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. His name is Henderson, my Caroline. Do not you recollect your brother?

Car. My brother! my dear Frederick! this is an agreeable surprise: welcome! a thousand times welcome!

Fred.

Fred. (*Embracing her.*) I have sad news for you, my dear sister! I fear it will damp the joy of my return.

Car. That is impossible! but what is your news, Frederick?

Fred. Hush! I hear my father's voice: who is with him?

Car. A young farmer of our neighbourhood.

Fred. Permit me to conceal myself a moment: I have a particular reason for it.

Car. You are very mysterious, brother; but do as you will. (*Frederick steps behind a screen.*)

Enter HENDERSON, *with* EDWARD.

Hen. Well, young man, I have no doubt of your veracity; yet I have a confession to make, which will, I fear, appear to you but an idle artifice. Can you forgive me, children, for the pain I have caused you? It was never my intention to separate two hearts so virtuously attached. I made trial of your principles, and my daughter's obedience: I found you all I could wish; and waited only the return of my son to confirm your happiness.

FREDERICK, *advancing.*

Fred. Dear father! your son is here, and gives his most hearty concurrence to the match.

Hen. My boy! my darling boy!

Ed. Is it possible? Frederick Henderson!

Fred (*Taking his hand.*) Yes, my friend! I am the brother of Caroline, and hope soon to call you by the same tender appellation. But, my father, I return to you poorer than when I went out, having lost all my property in the fatal wreck of our vessel. To the generous hospitality of the Thornbrakes I owe almost my existence.

Hen.

Hen. And is all lost?

Fred. Every pound. To Edward I am obliged for the very coat I wear.

Hen. I am sorry for it. Edward, I am justly punished for my duplicity. But my Caroline must not come a beggar to your arms.

Ed. Shall any of my Caroline's family be poor while I am rich? Oh no! take all, my father; we can be happy in humble obscurity: I am young, and can work: fear not; we shall do very well!

Fred. Noble-minded Edward! your integrity shall not go unrewarded. The box you found was mine: it is but a small part of my wealth intended for my sister: the rest is securely reserved to make us all independent and happy.

Ed. Bless you for that intelligence! how shall I requite your generosity?

Fred. By persuading the lovely Mary to behold me with partiality—to become mine.

Hen. Well, this is a day of wonder.

Enter MARY, *hastily.*

Mary. I beg pardon, Sir. I came here to seek my brother.—Edward, we must give up this treasure: I have discovered to whom it belongs: for on examining the contents of the box more minutely, I observed a secret drawer, with letters in it, directed to Mr. Frederick Henderson.

Ed. We know it, my dear Mary! but this is the gentleman: and he has made me acquainted with another loss, which he expects us to indemnify him for.

Mary. What can that be? I am sure I have found nothing.

Ed. It is his heart, Mary, and I know it to be valuable; for once be dishonest and keep it, or, if you please, give him your own little flutterer in return.

Fred.

Fred. I must be a gainer by the exchange. But a word with you, Edward.—It is not my intention to make love by proxy.

Ed. Well then, take her hand, and say all you think proper. *(They talk apart.)*

Hen. Stop, my young friends! something is yet wanting.—Edward, do you hasten to your mother, and let her be present at our arrangements. Take a chaise for her, if she cannot walk.—Come, girls, we must have a merry day of it.

Car. My dear Mary! let me congratulate you. We have been sisters in affection; we shall now be more closely allied.

Fred. Do you consent to be mine, Mary?

Mary. If my mother does not object.

Hen. Well said, girl!—I am pleased to find that you think no felicity can be permanent, while unsanctioned by a parent's blessing. 'Tis a virtuous sentiment! may it be transmitted to your children's children! and your old age will be a scene of pure delight.—What can equal a parent's joy, exulting in the filial piety of his offspring?

ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH Nobleman, who waited upon Frederic the Great, of Prussia, at Sans-Souci, expressed his astonishment at seeing the Emperor's portrait in every apartment of the palace; and asked the King what might be the reason of his thus honouring the portrait of his greatest enemy? "Oh!" said the King, "the Emperor is a busy and enterprising young Monarch, and I find it necessary always to have an eye upon him."

ADVENTURES

ADVENTURES OF DOLIGNY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FLORIAN.

[Concluded from Page 327.]

DOLIGNY having succeeded in obtaining the consent of his dear Jacqueline, returned to his quarters in high spirits, and presented his recruits to his captain, who highly commended the zeal and dexterity with which he had acquitted himself, and offered him a very handsome sum, in reward of his services; but our hero would not listen to any offer of the kind, till at length, urged by the repeated intreaties of the commanding officers, he had the temerity to declare, that his discharge was the only reward he coveted; intimating, that with the money they wished to bestow on him they might procure three soldiers, equally capable of serving their country. The captain was not to be so easily persuaded: he knew the value of him; he had already proved, and was unwilling to lose one of tried integrity; but being a liberal-minded man, and finding Doligny persisted in his request, he at length granted him his wish, and the delighted lover flew to his Jacqueline, who soon confirmed his happiness at the altar.

This marriage put Jacqueline and her mother rather more at their ease. Doligny established a writing school, and succeeded admirably; while his industrious family persisted in continuing their efforts to contribute to the stock, much against the will of the generous-minded Doligny; and the brother of Jacqueline soon after obtained a lucrative situation, which obliged him to visit England. Doligny, though he had taken the precaution of marrying in his proper name, had never mentioned to his wife his former prospects, nor did she form an idea of his being other than what he pretended, till a whimsical occurrence revealed the truth, and pro-

duced many unpleasant consequences. One evening, when walking together in a public promenade, an elderly gentleman noticed them some time with particular scrutiny: at last, approaching them, he addressed Doligny.

"I know you too well," said he, smiling, "to be in fear of a mistake; therefore I take the liberty of saluting you and this fair lady." Doligny, who did not at the instant recollect the old man's features, regarded him with an air of astonishment, saying, "You are certainly in an error, Sir; I am a stranger to you." "Ah! what," cried the other, hastily, "is it possible, Monsieur Marquis, that you have forgotten Tibert, your father's particular friend?" Doligny, surprised and vexed at this unexpected detection in the presence of his wife, determined to affect ignorance, and rejoined, abruptly, "Your recollection must deceive you, Sir, or you are pleased to be merry at my expense; but I am neither a Marquis, nor in a humour to enjoy the joke: I therefore repeat, that you know me not. Be so obliging, I intreat you, Sir, as to indulge in your reveries elsewhere." With these words, Doligny turned on his heel, and joined a crowd, among whom he lost sight of the troublesome Tibert: and during the remainder of their walk, his peevishness and chagrin was so evident, as to attract the notice of Madame Doligny; to satisfy whose curious inquiries, he asserted, in a peevish tone, that the man was certainly deranged, and most likely intended to do her some mischief. The artless Jacqueline readily believed this tale, and her inquiries ceased. Tibert, however, who was by profession a lawyer, was not without some suspicion of the truth: the unassuming manners of Jacqueline convinced him she was not a woman of fashion, and the respectful attention of Doligny assured him that she must be his wife. He well knew that the marriage must have been contracted without the consent of the old Marquis, consequently not valid, as Do-

ligny was not then of age. Tibert had too good an eye to his own interest, to let these particulars escape him: he accordingly watched the footsteps of the retreating pair, and entered their humble habitation soon after Doligny had, in compliance with the intreaty of his wife, retired to rest. Madame Doligny, terrified at his unexpected appearance, was too fearful of irritating him to call her husband; she therefore affected composure, and tremblingly awaited his first address. Perceiving her agitation, and assuming an air of complacency, he said, "Do not be alarmed by my untimely intrusion, young woman; I wish only to ask you a few questions, your candid answers to which will greatly oblige me. In the first place, be kind enough to inform me what sort of connection subsists between you and the Marquis Doligny, and how long you have lived together?" Jacqueline, a little more tranquil, seeing that he was not so violent as she at first apprehended, answered very coolly, that she did not understand his meaning in putting such questions to her. "You do not understand me!" cried he, with a tone of authority, which made her fear his frantic fit was coming on. "Ah! well, I see how it is: you are one of those vile wretches who have seduced a young gentleman of family from his friends, and helped to involve him in ruin and shame." Jacqueline, half dead with terror, was incapable of making any reply. The appearance of Tibert was not exactly that of a maniac, and a sudden idea started into her imagination, that there must be some reason for his strange behaviour. Mustering all her resolution, she at length ventured to address him: "Insulting as your language is, Sir, I will not resent it, in the hope that it originates in a mistake. By what unaccountable caprice do you style my husband Marquis Doligny, who is nothing better than a poor schoolmaster, and the son of a perfumer, who was a private in a marching regiment, from which he obtained

his discharge a twelvemonth ago, to be united to me? Why will you sport with our wretchedness, or cast obloquy on an innnocent, unoffending woman? I have hitherto supported an unblemished reputation in this city; whence, then, could you fabricate this scandalous tale?" The blush of injured modesty, which suffused her cheek as she spoke, and the collected air with which she delivered this touching address, began to interest the too zealous Tibert, and he condescended to explain to her the whole of Doligny's history. This intelligence, which to other females would have been highly gratifying, was considered by the modest Jacqueline as the most distressing circumstance which could befal her, and she burst into tears, as a thousand painful apprehensions rose in her imagination. At this moment Doligny entered: he cast a furious glance at the indiscreet Tibert, and, in a tone too imperious to be disputed, commanded him to quit the house. Then, in gentlest accents, endeavoured to compose the agitated spirits of his wife. "Alas!" cried the unhappy girl, "in what misery has not this cruel deception involved me: your family will ridicule and despise me, and use every endeavour to annul our marriage; while I am regarded, by the rest of the world, as an artful, intriguing woman. Oh! Doligny, possessed of your affection, I could have smiled at indigence; but to be branded with infamy—what can enable me to support this shock?" Doligny fell at the feet of his amiable wife; he pleaded his passion as his only excuse, and solemnly swore never to abandon her, let his friends proceed how they would. Jacqueline was for awhile soothed by his endearments; but reflection pointed out to her, that she was an obstacle in the way of her beloved Doligny's advancement in life. With tender tears, she besought him to return to his family; to forget that they had ever been united. She would once more become the humble Jacqueline, and endeavour

to

to make herself happy in the consciousness of having done all in her power to repair the mischief she had been the innocent cause of. "Dearest Jacqueline!" cried Doligny, clasping her to his heart, "that shall never be; your husband is not such a wretch. What splendor, what wealth, could compensate for the loss of such an inestimable treasure?" Jacqueline, however, persisted in her design, till an unthought-of circumstance occurred to them both. Jacqueline was likely to become a mother in the course of a few months, and the destiny of her innocent babe was in her hands. To deprive it of its birthright, to load it with unmerited obloquy, was what a mother's proud feelings could not submit to; and Doligny encouraged her to hope for every domestic happiness in their virtuous poverty. The busy Tibert, irritated by the violent behaviour of Doligny, wrote to the old Marquis with every malicious exaggeration, and demanded to know how he should act. This answer arrived too soon for the unfortunate pair: Doligny was arrested by a Lettre de Cachet, and thrown into prison, while the old Marquis commenced a legal process against his daughter, whom he designated as Jacqueline, the laundress. But the attestations of several respectable neighbours, and several persons of distinction, who interested themselves in her behalf, soon set it aside; and Jacqueline was permitted to enjoy her liberty, as far as she could possibly enjoy it, bereft of her beloved Doligny, and ignorant of what had befallen him. In this state of anguish and uncertainty, she gave birth to a daughter. Her aged mother was her nurse, and their scanty purses were drained in defraying the necessary expenses. To add to the calamities which assailed them on every side, intelligence reached them that Claude had been shipwrecked returning home, and had lost all the harvest of his labour. The old Marquis, having taken precaution to be informed of whatever passed, judged this a favourable

moment to carry his point: he therefore commissioned Tibert to persuade Jacqueline to resign her child to his care; in which case, he promised to provide for it, on the condition that she would retire to a convent, and resign for ever the name of Doligny, intimating that it was the wish of her husband, who had returned to his duty; though, through stronger motives of false delicacy, he would not propose it himself. Jacqueline rejected these offers with horror. "No!" cried she, indignantly, "Doligny may abandon me, but I will never desert his child: we will prosper or perish together." During these trials, the unhappy Doligny was not without his persecutions: every fabrication which art could invent, was placed before him; his wife was represented as infamous. These reports Doligny turned a deaf ear to, and with difficulty succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to his dear Jacqueline, informing her of his situation, and assuring her of his inviolable constancy.

Driven to the greatest extremity, the wretched *Marquise* was obliged to return to the poor habitation in which Doligny first found her; and to procure the means of subsistence, had recourse to her laborious occupation. Her child looked up to her for support, or the thoughts of her husband's infidelity would have terminated her miserable existence.* It was at this particular crisis that her beloved Doligny's letter reached her. She began to read it with trembling anxiety. She feared a renewal of the disgusting proposals which had been already made to her, and clasped her babe closer to her breast, as if fearful of its being forcibly torn from her; but who can describe the wild rapture of joy which seized the faithful Jacqueline, as she read the fond assurances of her husband's unalterable affection, who concluded with these words: "Thus, dearest Jacqueline, have

* The translator, for the sake of brevity, has taken the liberty of altering the latter part of this tale, which at this passage introduced a long episode, not absolutely necessary to the narrative, with the hope of rendering it more interesting to the reader.

have they tried me every way, but their stratagems have been ineffectual. In this prison will I terminate my imprudent career, and my eyes will close in peace, while I can hear in idea, that my Jacqueline is blessing me for my fidelity."

"Die in prison!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl; "No! Doligny, that shall not be thy fate; I will be the willing victim of thy inhuman father's barbarity." With these words, she caught up her child in her arms, and rushed into the street. It was in vain her feeble mother tried to overtake her nimble footsteps. She hurried on, her whole soul occupied with her purpose, till, faint and exhausted, she sunk at the door of the mischief-making Tibert. With trepidation she knocked, and, incapable of advancing a step, intreated to see him. Her wild mein and disordered dress filled the old man with alarm: his heart was not vicious, but the suggestion of worldly policy had led him into an error. "Madame Doligny!" cried he, with astonishment, "what do you want here?" "Pity!" she replied, extending her hands with an air of settled despair: "furnish me with the means to reach the residence of the Marquis: I go to offer my innocent babe to appease his wrath, to set my husband at liberty, and breathe my last in their presence, for my heart is broken." Alarmed at her situation, Tibert led her into the house. "You are arrived," said he, "at a most critical moment: the old Marquis is here on some business: a melancholy accident has detained him, and there is reason to fear that his life is in danger. Believe me, I am heartily sorry for what I have done; and if any present good offices can expiate my fault, you may command me." "I ask nothing of you," replied Jacqueline. "Tell him only that I have brought him my child, as the ransom of Doligny." Tibert was affected to tears, and quitted the room, with the infant in his arms; which he instantly carried to the bed-side of the Marquis. It was a most awful moment; the old man was approaching that hour

hour when worldly pride must cease. He heard the recital of Jacqueline's sorrows with deep remorse, and desired the child might be brought near enough to receive his last kiss and blessing; lamenting that his own unjustifiable severity had deprived him of the pleasure of embracing his son before he died. Jacqueline, who had followed Tibert into the apartment, no sooner heard this, than she fell on her knees, and bathed his head with her tears. "Poor soul!" exclaimed the Marquis, in faltering accents, "can thy gentle nature forgive thy implacable enemy? these tears scald my hand. They strike fresh reproaches to my heart!" "My Lord," said Jacqueline, calmly, and rising, "it is not my intention to wound your feelings; I would whisper peace to your troubled mind. For my own part, I can forgive all your past injustice: in restoring my husband to my arms, with your blessing on our union, you amply repay me for all my past sufferings."

"Draw up my declaration, Tibert," said the Marquis, "that I may sign it while I have strength." Tibert obeyed, and in a few minutes after, the Marquis breathed his last. Tibert, as zealous in a good cause as he had formerly been in a bad one, easily procured the enlargement of Doligny, who hastened to embrace his loving injured wife. Poverty no longer obscured their prospects, and the virtuous Jacqueline was an ornament to the station which fortune destined her to fill. E. F.

FEMALE DRESS;

HOW MOST ATTRACTIVE.

DEEPLY deploring the evils, that seem gaining ground every day, though hopeless of redressing the grievances complained of, I merely contribute my mite to the many remonstrances that have already appeared in the Lady's Museum.

Seated

Seated by the fire-side, and surrounded by books, I have felt proudly delighted, whilst reading the many elegant productions from the pens of my own sex, and have mentally uttered, surely women are rapidly improving, and without being disagreeably pedantic, will no longer be considered as *trifling toys*, or *necessary evils*, by the lords of the creation; but as rational companions, well informed, gentle, and unassuming. If others are enjoying a delusion in the same way, they must remain at the sober fire-side, or they will soon cease to regard the actions of their own sex through so flattering a mirror; they will see as others have seen, and be disgusted.

What delicate mind can view with unconcern, the *nudes* we every where meet? Be the day ever so cold, still fashion must be attended to, and preside even to the exclusion of comfort and propriety; and they shiver along the streets, mentally thanking the introducer of pelisses, for preserving them from absolute freezing. How many die in early life, of pulmonary complaints, or settled colds! and whilst the fair victims fall at Fashion's shrine, it is not uncommon for the sensible to observe, "Such a lady died for want of petticoats;" of course she sinks to the grave, merely pitied for her folly, or unlamented through her obstinacy; or, if spared a little longer, are they not purchasing a premature old age?

Why are we not as persevering in good as in evil? I hear of the exhibitions our females make in public, and shudder. The arm, once covered, is now bared nearly to the shoulder, the bosom shamefully exposed, and far more the ancle. The dresses of the present day are certainly light, elegant, and beautiful, were they not carried to excess; but by over-doing we effectually destroy.

It is not to be wondered at that men grow rude and disrespectful; having ceased to respect ourselves, we may look for their contempt or derision. Could many of our fashionables hear, as I have done, the remarks of that sex they are so anxious to captivate,

tivate, when, no longer intoxicated by gay scenes the tranquil morning brings rational reflection, they would soon for ever abjure the glaring indecorum of their present dress and manners. The most dissolute men dislike bold women — Suppose one, gazing on a beautiful *nude*, turn to a friend, and whilst peering through a glass, exclaim, "that's a devilish fine girl!" taking care the *polished sentence*, should reach her ear—the beauty prides herself not a little on so *elegant* a compliment from a man of such gallantry and taste.

Perhaps the fair one has now made a conquest—a notable one indeed!—of a needy and emaciated rake! Of what use then are his attentions? His numerous intrigues may have taught him to talk of his heart-felt pangs gracefully, without even feeling he had a heart either to reserve or bestow. His conversation may be fascinating enough to sully her mind, and in an evil hour to effect her ruin. He may again prepare to conquer, for he can boast another triumph—unhonored be such victors! he has, perhaps, plunged in infamy one of that sex he ought to have protected. Suppose her married to him. Infamy, misery, though of a different hue, is the consequence; a babe may, perhaps, look in vain for a father, and, with its hapless mother, may droop and die deserted.

Such is generally the end of *Devilish fine girls*. We used to be termed angelic, and dear angels; perhaps we no longer deserve such titles, therefore, may thank fashionable frankness for discarding it. Husbands are certainly scarce, and young men are backward in entering the honorable state of matrimony: regard the subject with an unprejudiced eye, and we cannot blame them. The light carriage of many married women, the number of disgusting trials for conjugal infidelity, are sufficient to make them enter it with dread. Thus, whilst we lament the evil, let us look to ourselves as the cause. Surely we do not wish to secure fools, yet such display must

must banish men of sense. Many young women seem to study how to be disagreeable; if with their own sex, they are listless, yawning, and discontented; if with the other, the impudent leer, the pert retort, the silly *double entendre* meant for wit, sicken those who wish to be rational. Sterling merit will be discovered, and selected by men of sense and worth, and though, like the unobtrusive lily of the vale, it may remain a little longer in the shade, yet in due time its merits may appear, be rightly appreciated, and being transplanted into more active life, shine forth as the amiable wife and mother.

We were not form'd for butterflies, to sport a summer's day,
Since oft we meet with wintry one's, when mind alone bears sway.
Then let the husband find a friend, when doubts and cares oppress;
For cover'd bosoms feel far more than others in undress.

The plainest women are still more foolish than the beautiful; brown scraggy necks, large bony elbows, and thick ancles, are exposed indiscriminately, and mingled with fair and round; we do not see our own defects, or we should certainly cover them. Nor is the masculine muffle of habit-shirts, collars, &c. a bit more beautiful; it is the opposite extreme, and I am sometimes disposed to think, that with their morning gowns and muffles, they throw away their understandings, and are determined for the remainder of the day to be excessively silly, beautifully simple. Why are we imitating a country that is the cause of so much misery to our own? when were their women considered our superiors. Never, except in fashion and frivolity. In Kotzebue's Journey from Berlin to Paris, I read the following: "To France also our females are indebted for the very convenient custom, of being without pockets, and it seems, that even the ridicule, or thing which was suspended from the arm, as a substitute, has now fallen into disuse." On alluding to this

this circumstance, Mr. Kotzebue relates the following anecdote. "A mother once asked her daughter, Why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model of a church steeple, to be continually following you? Lord, (replied the daughter,) I must blow my nose, must not I! He actually carried her handkerchief. Silly trifler! yet she is imitated. Standing at the window a few days since, and detesting the silly custom of being pocketless with all my heart, I was highly diverted at seeing a young fashionist stopped by a poor looking man, who intreated her to purchase a beautiful watch-paper. Her eye was caught; but, in a fretful tone, she said, 'I have no money, I don't wear a pocket. I would buy one, but (lingering) I only live a little way off, and if I was at home I would.' The poor man, glad of a customer, followed her, and even he had sense enough to smile."

It is likewise much to be regretted, that we cannot, with a good grace, submit to trifling deficiencies, or even defects, which we may all have; for by the present silly substitutes, that are now common, the sex draw on themselves the contempt of the other; who, thanks to ourselves, are sufficient judges of reality. If Nature has been sparing in exterior beauty, she may have compensated us in other respects; and surely defects we cannot help, can never be regarded as criminal: whilst deceptions so easily discovered will ever meet the sneer of contempt and ridicule.

Be warned, ye fair; 'tis not the peevish cynical old maid who lectures you, but a being liable to error as yourselves, yet afflicted at seeing so many useless follies. She who is attired with fashionable moderation, will always look far better than one going to the extreme; and, in the opinion of sensible, rational people, the woman who is attired with taste and delicacy, can never look inelegant.

D.

ON THE

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF LUXURY.

THERE is no greater calamity can befal any people, than when luxury is introduced among them; especially where it becomes general, and is carried to so great a height, that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A man once engaged in this extravagant course of living, is seldom able to extricate himself in time; but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortunes; or, through necessity, be driven to what may sacrifice his honor, country, conscience, and every other consideration, to a present relief, which may, which must, at last, end in his destruction. However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want. A prison staring a man in the face, continual duns at his door, or a want of his accustomed pleasures, will drive him to extremities, which nothing but necessity could occasion. He is no longer master of himself; but, like a drowning man, catches at every thing, even his dearest friend, though he should perish with him. To what melancholy extremities will not this unhappy situation lead a man! to poverty, shame, villany, dependency, and disgrace; and, at length, to sell one's country, to support an idle extravagance. Let a man's income be what it may, if he lives beyond it, this will be the case sooner or later: and if ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make the people happy, the abundance of the public treasure, may, if artfully managed, prove the means of their destruction.

A.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Domestic Cat.

THIS animal is so well known, as to make a description of it unnecessary. It is an useful, but deceitful domestic; active, neat, sedate, intent on its prey. When pleased, purrs and moves its tail; when angry, spits, hisses, and strikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws; it drinks little; is fond of fish; it washes its face with its fore-foot; (Linnæus says, at the approach of a storm:) the female is remarkably salacious; a piteous, squalling, jarring lover. Its eyes shine in the night; its hair, when rubbed in the dark, emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life; always lights on its feet; is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our ancestors seem to have had a high sense of the utility of this animal. That excellent Prince, Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat, and to describe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitten before it could see, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, two-pence; when it commenced mouser, four-pence. It was required besides, that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse; but if it failed in any of these qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the Prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece, and lamb; or as much wheat, as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, (the head touching the floor,) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This last quotation is not only curious,

as

as being an evidence of the simplicity of ancient manners, but it almost proves to a demonstration, that cats are not aborigines of these Islands, or known to the earliest inhabitants. The large prices set on them, (if we consider the high value of specie at that time,) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies so fast, are almost certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

The Wild Cat.

This animal may be called the British tiger; it is the fiercest, and most destructive beast we have; making dreadful havock among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the most mountainous and woody parts of these Islands, living mostly in trees, and feeding only by night.

They are taken either in traps, or by shooting; in the latter case, it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the person who injured them, and have strength enough to be no despicable enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beasts of chace; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second to the Abbot of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The use of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was esteemed not of the most luxurious kind; for it was ordained, "that no Abbess, or Nun, should use more costly apparel than such as is made of lamb's or cat's skins." In much earlier times it was also an object of diversion with sportsmen.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Geographical Delineations; or, a Compendious View of the Natural and Political State of all Parts of the Globe. By J. Aikin, M. D. Two Vols. 8vo. pp. 796. 12s.

The Author of the present work does not intend that it should supersede either the more common and elementary books, or the more complete systems of geography, already in use. His object is "to afford in a moderate compass, and under an agreeable form, such a view of every thing most important relative to the natural and political state of the world which we inhabit, as may dwell upon the mind in vivid colors, and durably impress it with just and instructive notions." In the prosecution of the design, the Author has been guided by two leading considerations respecting each country; namely—"what Nature has made it, and what man has made it." If this object has been accomplished in the present publication, much has been done to facilitate the dissemination of that species of geographical knowledge which is really useful to mankind; for it will, perhaps, be allowed, that of the books already in use on this subject, the smaller are of a meagre quality, and the larger are stuffed with a variety of information that tends but little to the edification of the reader.

Literary Journal.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 330. 1l. 5s. Boards.

'The poem now offered to the public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author, than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient metrical romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular poem. The same model offered other facilities,

ties, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the changes of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old ballad, or metrical romance.' *Monthly Review.*

The Life of Dermody: interspersed with Pieces of original Poetry; many exhibiting unexampled Prematurity of genuine Poetical Talent; and containing a Series of Correspondence with several eminent Characters. By James Grant Raymond. Two Vols. 12mo.

The readers of the Monthly Mirror are already in some degree acquainted with the character and merits of Thomas Dermody.—Several of his smaller pieces have, at different times, appeared in our work; and at his death we published his portrait, from an excellent painting by Mr. Charles Allingham, accompanied with a few particulars of his extraordinary history. Several elegiac tributes to his memory have been likewise inserted, some of which will be allowed to possess considerable poetical merit. The pretensions, however, of Dermody to the character of a poet, were not sufficiently established during his life. Though known to many eminent literary characters, and privately patronized by them, he lived almost in obscurity; the world at large were ignorant of his talents, and it remained for Mr. Raymond to secure him a *niche* in the temple of Immortality, by collecting the interesting facts and documents which he has here presented to the public.

Monthly Mirror.

The Eventful Marriage; a Tale, in Four Volumes, by the Author of 'Count de Norring,' and 'Moncton.' 8vo.

This is a spirited performance. The incidents are interesting; and the language is above mediocrity. The scene lies in the region of romantic adventure, Spain; and the characters are well delineated. Dons, duennas, and abigails, flit across the stage with as much rapidity as any female spectator could wish.

Critical Review.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century. Part the First; in Three Volumes: containing a Sketch of the Revolutions and Improvements in Science, Arts, and Literature, during that Period. By Samuel Miller, A. M.

one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the City of New York, &c. Three Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

We owe this curious and important work, comprehending in the limited space of three octavo volumes, the most valuable information in every branch of science, to an American clergyman, and to the following circumstance. Being called upon in his professional duty to deliver a discourse on the 1st of January, 1801, he thought proper to take a review of the preceding century; deducing from his examination of that period, such moral and religious reflections as were adapted to the occasion. He was desired to publish this, which he determined accordingly to do; amplifying his discourse with a large collection of notes. Whilst he was engaged in the preparations for this work, he found his materials multiply to such excess, that he was induced to lay aside his original plan, and adopt the present, in which he was able to indulge himself in more minuteness of detail, and greater power of selection. It now extends to three volumes, which exhibit the revolutions and improvements in science, art, and literature, during the progress of the eighteenth century. *British Critic.*

The Rustic; a Poem, in Five Cantos. By Ewan Clarke. 8vo. pp. 119. 5s.

The Author of this poem informs us, that he "has occasionally amused a leisure hour, during a life of great retirement, in weaving a couplet; and, now that he has seen his *seventieth* year, he exercises the privilege of age, which ever thinks it is entitled to be heard, and ventures, in a longer poem than he has hitherto attempted, to sing the scenes of his daily observation." We must own that our interest was not a little excited on finding an old man, at an advanced age, which is usually spent in querulousness, stepping forward to amuse the generations behind him with a poetical description of the rural scenes around him. On perusing the piece, we were still further gratified to recognise circumstances and scenes which were wont to form the pleasure of our earlier years; and the simplicity of the style, conjoined with the cheerfulness, contentment, modesty, and piety, which the aged author discovers throughout, formed a most agreeable contrast to the affected, whining, conceited, inflated trash, with which our more mature years are so frequently annoyed by the sentimental poetasters of the day. *Literary Journal.*

Palmyra; and other Poems. By T. L. Peacock. Crown 8vo. 7s. Boards.

Fenced and barricadoed as Helicon is, according to the report of some persons, against the approach of the moderns,—and as we have

have indeed melancholy evidence in the quantity of trash, called poetry, with which we are incessantly pelted,—a few individuals occasionally contrive to clamber over the inclosure, and to get a sip from the sacred fountain. Mr. Peacock appears to be one of this favored minority; and even those who are somewhat fastidious, will receive pleasure from the vigor of his conceptions, the elegance of his expressions, and the harmony of his numbers. Palmyra, whose splendid ruins of white marble, in the midst of an extensive sandy desert, present so striking a spectacle to the traveller, illustrative of the transitory nature of human glory, is a fine subject for a poem; and if our expectations were raised on this occasion, we are bound in gratitude to Mr. P. to report that we were not disappointed. With a boldness and a fire which belong to the Ode, he sings the fate of this once magnificent city, its rulers and inhabitants, and introduces those awful reflections which are a lesson to the proud, and a consolation to the humble.

Monthly Review.

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, displayed in a Series of select Engravings, representing the most beautiful, curious, and interesting ancient Edifices of this Country; with an historical and descriptive Account of each Subject. By John Britton. Parts I. II. and III. 10s. 6d. each. 4to. Large Paper, 16s. With Engravings. The Author, 10, Tavistock Place, Russel Square.

The object of this truly elegant, ingenious, and interesting work, is "to preserve correct delineations, and accurate accounts, of the architectural antiquities that remain to dignify and ornament this country." It has at present reached no farther than the third part; but from these specimens, supported, as we understand, by the communications and assistance of the first antiquaries of the age, whose patronage has not only continued, but greatly increased, since the appearance of Part I. we have every reason to augur that it will meet with all the success it deserves; and, seeing its merits, Mr. Britton's most sanguine wishes cannot desire more.

Monthly Mirror.

Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early Part of the fourteenth Century; to which is prefixed, an historical Introduction, intended to illustrate the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England. By George Ellis, Esq. In Three Volumes, Crown 8vo. 1l. 7s.

When

When Ritson's leaden labors on this subject were before us, we remarked with regret on the very different task we should have had, if Mr. Ellis had not, as was then supposed, relinquished his design in favor of his rival, but had given to the public the fruits of his researches. Our opinion is here fully confirmed. We have before us, as the result of those researches, a book as attractive as the other was repellent. We are led, through difficult ways indeed, but by a hand which scatters flowers even in the roughest part of the track. We have here no asperities of controversy, no harsh reflections upon preceding writers; none, in short, of those ornaments which the Furies so liberally bestowed upon the style of their favorite Ritson: but every part is marked by the sagacity of genius, and the suavity of polished education.

British Critic.

Elementary Evidences of the Truth of Christianity: in a Series of Easter Catechisms on the Resurrection, and other Miracles of Christ; on Prophecy; and on Christ's Testimony of Himself. By the Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, D. D. Bishop of St. David's. 12*mo.*

However numerous the writings in support of the Evidences of Christianity may have been of late years, no attempt ought to be discouraged which professes to render these important truths familiar to common understandings; and of all such attempts, we think the present excels in perspicuity of style, and in promise of very general usefulness. In the learning and principles of the Right Reverend Author, we have an ample security against the common defects of common writers; and yet, instead of dictating *ex cathedra*, he has here furnished his readers with every means to attain the conviction which appears to be on his own mind, and to attain it in the most fair and liberal manner. *Literary Journal.*

Academical Questions. By the Right Honorable William Drummond, K. C. F. R. S. F. R. S. E. Author of a Translation of Persius. Vol. I. 4*to.* 15*s. Boards.*

A treatise on the most abstruse parts of metaphysics, printed with Bulmer's types, on hot-pressed wove paper, and written by a gentleman of the diplomatic world, is somewhat of a novelty in literary annals; and in the latter respect, at least, a gratifying novelty. We felt surprised during our first hasty glances at the book; we dipped here and there, and found our attention powerfully engaged; and very soon we formally seated ourselves at our table, and with deliberate resolution began a regular perusal of its

contents. Under the circumstances which characterize the publication, perhaps we may say even of this profound subject,

"In its face
Excuse came prologue;"—

and though we perceive that we shall extend our analysis to unusual length, we think that few who peruse it, will deny the justice of our attention. *Monthly Review.*

Supplementary Pages to the Life of Cowper; containing the Additions made to that Work, on reprinting it in Octavo. By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. 7s. 6d. Boards.

It may be remarked of Cowper, as it was said of Johnson, that he is a literary comet, with a long tail. His biographer, with an enthusiasm which we cannot persuade ourselves to condemn, swells the life of his poetical friend with supplement added to supplement, and perhaps *necdum finitus Orestes.* The amiable and contemplative Cowper is, indeed, a subject of so much interest, that we feel ourselves obliged to Mr. Hayley for endeavoring to render it complete justice.

In our account of the former volumes, we adverted to the awkward circumstance of his separation from Lady Austen, whose genius rendered her singularly qualified to be the companion of the Poet; and we regretted the suppression of Cowper's farewell letter to Lady A. which was so necessary to the elucidation of this affair, and to remove suspicions which might possibly arise in the breast of the reader. Mr. Hayley here again alludes with clearness, and yet with delicacy, to this incident, and exerts his best endeavors to vindicate Mrs. Unwin for 'feeling apprehensive' of the consequences 'of Lady Austen's fascinating powers.'

The biographer has exercised all his dexterity in support of the Platonic feelings of the Poet: but, as it is well known that friendship between the sexes is nearly allied to Love, it is possible that Cowper might have felt one of the little urchin's darts; and that, when he wrote the amorous verses to Lady Austen, he was really in love with her. That he had fortitude sufficient to conquer his passion for this accomplished lady, in order to appease the jealousy of the generous guardian of his sequestered life, is much to his praise: but Mrs. Unwin was too selfish in forcing him to renounce the solace of such extraordinary talents as those of Lady Austen.

Monthly Review.

The Works of the late Edward Dayes: containing an Excursion through the principal Parts of Derbyshire and

and Yorkshire. With illustrative Notes by E. W. Brayley. Essays on Painting: Instructions for Drawing and Coloring Landscapes, and Professional Sketches of Modern Artists. 4to. 1*l.* 6*d.*

The professional abilities of the late Mr. Dayes are, as the Editor observes, well known to the public. One of the articles contained in this elegant and instructive volume, *Essays on Painting*, has appeared before in a periodical work. *The Excursion through Derbyshire and Yorkshire*, the *Instructions for Drawing and Coloring Landscape*, and the *Professional Sketches of Modern Artists*, are now first printed from the original MSS. The "*Essays*" under the various heads *Composition*, *Taste*, *Beauty*, *Grace*, *Invention*, *Disposition*, *Drawing*, *Manner*, *Penciling*, and *Style*, both merit and enjoy the approbation of the most eminent artists. The "*Excursion*," accompanied by several plates from correct and beautiful designs, will be much esteemed. The "*Instructions*" we strongly recommend to the serious attention of young artists, and of numerous old ones also, who are not too *old* or dull to mend. And the "*Sketches*," which are every body's reading, we think well of in general; though, like ourselves, many will differ from Mr. Dayes, with regard to the characters given of some of our modern artists.

Monthly Mirror.

Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. By Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of Literary Hours. Three Vols. 12*mo.* 1*l.* 4*s.*

The utility of a work such as the present will scarcely be doubted. For if it should gratify no higher a principle than the mere curiosity of knowing something of the life of the illustrious authors of the best periodical papers in our language, still its utility is obvious. But it may be expected to do much more. It will point out to the reader, upon the acknowledged principles of criticism, the general and comparative merits and defects of the works in question; and thus lay a foundation for critical knowledge and discernment where it happens to be wanting, or improve it where it already exists. Though Essays do not necessarily imply any unity of design, or any mutual dependence upon one another, yet there is a unity of design, and a mutual dependence of parts, to be met with in the present work. *Literary Journal.*

The Rights of Infants; or, a Letter from a Mother to her Daughter, relative to the Nursing of Infants. By Mrs. Dawbarn. 8vo. 1*s.*

This

This pamphlet appears to be written by a well-disposed female, who has been conversant with the management of children, and regards herself as removed above the vulgar prejudices which so much prevail in that department. Her advice is principally directed to the middle class of society; and there are few persons of that description, perhaps, who may not peruse it with some advantage. The observations are arranged under the heads of washing, dressing, feeding, exercise, air, sleeping, and the administration of medicine. Mrs. D is a strenuous advocate for the practice of mothers suckling their own infants, and enumerates the evils that too frequently attend the custom of putting out children to nurse. On these particulars we perfectly coincide with her: we do not, indeed, perceive any thing very novel or striking in her remarks; but, as we deem it of consequence that such important subjects should be brought before the public under a great variety of forms, we are fully disposed to sanction them with our approbation. *Monthly Review.*

African Memoranda: relative to an Attempt to establish a British Settlement on the Island of Bulama, on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1792. *With a brief Notice of the neighbouring Tribes, Soil, Productions, &c. and some Observations on the Facility of colonizing that Part of Africa, with a View to Cultivation, and the Introduction of Letters and Religion to its Inhabitants: but more particularly as the Means of gradually abolishing African Slavery. By Captain Philip Beaver, of His Majesty's Royal Navy.* 4*to. pp.* 520. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d. Boards.*

"'Tis not in mortals to command success:
"But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

Thus might Captain Beaver have exclaimed, during his superintendance of the little colony which proceeded from England with the design of forming a settlement on the Island of Bulama, or Bulam, contiguous to the western coast of Africa. If ability, zeal, fortitude, and perseverance, were ever conspicuous, they were manifested in the conduct of Captain B. on this occasion; and though the plan was unquestionably ill-conceited, and the series of events lamentably disastrous, the object was laudable, and the efforts of the Governor were highly creditable to his patriotism and to his heart. He has given so plain and unvarnished a tale, that we have no doubt of his veracity, though his hardships and exertions appear to be almost incredible. The pictured situation of Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island, is scarcely less melancholy and soul-depressing, than was that of Captain B. during the greatest part of his residence on the Island of Bulam. *Monthly Review.*

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Short Dress of Straw-colored Muslin, trimmed with Broad Lace, and Silk Tassels. Spanish Cloak, of White Lace; Chip Hat, trimmed with a Wreath of Leaves; Buff Gloves.

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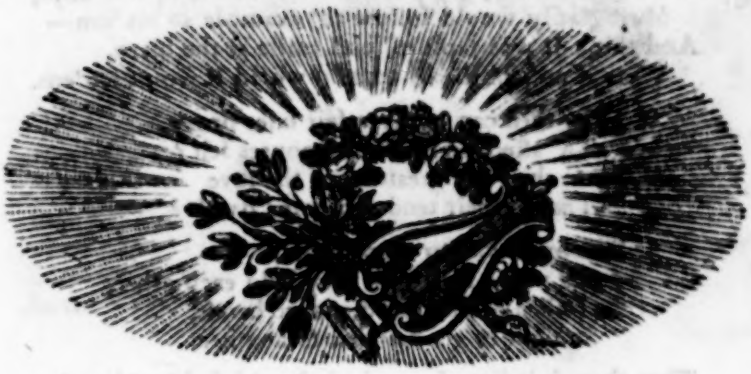
Head fashionably drest, ornamented with a Crape Handkerchief, with a Painted Bandeau. Dress of White Sarsnet, with long Train, trimmed down the Front, and round the Bottom, with Point Lace. Shawl of Violet-colored Silk, and White Kid Gloves.

The



The Apollonian Wreath.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WHENE'ER a comely youth and blooming fair
To Hymen's happy temple now repair,
The mutual vow which binds each doting heart,
Declares their love shall last "*till Death them part.*"

But mark, ye fair ones, how the dames of old,
Warm Eastern dames, rever'd their lord and master;
Could Death the sacred tie of Love unfold?
Death only serv'd to bind Love's knot the faster.

For when her spouse's breath departed,
The widow'd fair each moment counted,
Dissolv'd in tears, and broken-hearted,
Till on his funeral pile she mounted.

Then when the dreadful heap was lighted,
And fierce the raging flames ascended,
'Twas bliss, that, as in Life united,
In Death their ashes should be blended.

But who in modern times so rash is,
For a *dead* spouse to burn to ashes?
Nay, tho' the notion might revive one,
Who is't will do it for a *live* one?

Did Cupid then of old inspire
In Eastern bosoms purer fire?
Or, as the world and time grow older,
Do ladies' gentle hearts grow colder?

No—I fain would suppose that the dames of our days,
Most gladly would follow th' example so set 'em—
And think it was rapture, and smile at the blaze,
Were it not for the ill-natur'd world it won't let 'em.

How then can modern fair ones prove
Th' affection for their spouses felt?
How shew the greatness of the love
That in their tender bosoms dwelt?

The only way to woman left,
To prove how dear they held each other,
Is, when of one lov'd spouse bereft,
Straight to get married to another.

Then though ladies of yore had the old-fashion'd notion
That pleasure might thus be deriv'd out of pain,
More sensible those who, to shew their devotion,
Cry, "Hey, to the Temple of Hymen again!"

W. W.

LAURINA.

FAIREST Erato! Muse of Love!
Inspire thy vot'ry's song!
Laurina's charms, oh! let it prove;
These strains to her belong.

Her ev'ry feature, form, and grace,
Too dazzling are display'd;
And sure that lovely, artless face
Outvies the Paphian maid.

That melting eye enchantment beams,
That voice harmonious thrills;
In tones melodious oft it streams,
And pleases while it kills.

Oh! lov'd Laurina! if thy heart
Doth prize affection true,
My breast can boast a painful smart,
And pants for love and you.

J. M. L.

THE TRANSPORT.

I ASK'D of Celia a parting look,
My sadness to beguile;
What rankling fiends my heart forsook!
She bless'd me with a smile.

PARSE.

LINES

WRITTEN AT A BALL.

WHY talk about Orpheus, a piping old flat,
Tho' his music made hills skip and dance, and all that?
Look round, don't you see ev'n angels all bounding,
At the ear-grating notes a blind fiddler is sounding?

PARSE.

CORYDON'S INVITATION TO PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

YOUR Shepherd, dear Phillis, invites to be gay,
To range thro' the meadows and fields;
To cull the sweet flow'rets that blossom in May,
And taste all the pleasures it yields.

The daisy, the primrose, and violet too,
Their charms in profusion disclose;
And soon in succession, delighted, you'll view
The blush of the opening rose.

How sweet sing the sky-larks, saluting the day,
When straining their musical throats!
And blackbirds and linnets soon join on each spray,
To warble their various notes.

Near my cottage this harmony frequently reigns,
(Oh sure, 'tis delightful to tell!)
What life can compare with a life on the plains,
Where peace and tranquillity dwell!

Each eve, to enliven the innocent scene,
The nymphs and the shepherds advance;
And lads with their lasses all meet on the green,
To join in the rustical dance.

Then come, my dear Phillis, enjoy this retreat,
Come share these engaging delights;
Nor envy the proud, the ambitious, or great:—
Your Shepherd it is that invites.

Stony Stratford,
May 8th, 1806. J. H.

TO ———.

BY G. DYER, B. A.

LATE OF EMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Author having requested of a Lady, at whose House he was on a Visit, to allow him to sit up, and read, when the Family were in Bed, she gave him Permission, provided he would write a Recipe for her Cold.

COME, lively Fancy, bright-eyed maid,
Fain would I feel thy magic pow'r;
Come, fairy, cheer the midnight shade,
And aid me in this solemn hour.
Oh! find me out a sov'reign pill,
For, see! the fair Belinda's ill.

When long a cruel cough had seiz'd her,
The fair one deign'd to ask a cure;
With pills, broths, gruels, long I teas'd her,
But, can a lady these endure?
No—all in vain—the fair one's ill,
And vain are gruel, broth, and pill.

Daffy,* said I, oh! gentle madam,
Daffy, dear Daffy, sure will do;
Or Dr. Gifford's,† if you had 'em,
Oh! patient fair, one pill or two.
But little yet avails my skill,
For still the fair Belinda's ill.

Perch'd near, methought, my fairy sat,
And, simp'ring, cried, "Your skill is vain;
"Here, I have hit upon it pat,
"Take up your pen, and write a strain.
"A rhyme, beyond the Doctor's skill,
"Revives Belinda, when she's ill.

"A rhyme well turn'd is sure to please,
"Cheers—warms—and aids the perspiration;
"When coughs and colds a fair one seize,
"The best physician in the nation
"Is a brisk bard; and e'en though ill
"His rhyme, it proves the sov'reign pill."

A rhyme

* Daffy's Elixir. † Dr. Gifford's Pills.

A rhyme ill turn'd will wound the ear—
Ill turn'd will raise Belinda's ire;
Soon shall I hear the cruel fair
Cry, "Betty, throw it in the fire."
But—no—I will not call her cruel,
Bad rhymes are found to make good fuel,
To warm Belinda's broth and gruel.

ON LEATH-HILL TOWER,

NEAR DORKING, SURREY.

SCATH'D by the rudeness of each northern blast,
By lightning's vengeance, and the hand of Time,
The memorable* pile still crowns yon hill:
Oft from this vale below, amidst whose plain,
Winding its course, steals on the sluggish Mole,†
I've gain'd its heavenly brow, while all the view
In varied beauty open'd wide around.
There, as more free in thought, the mind itself
As 'twere ascends, and leaves each lowly care;
There have I sat, and, musing, frequent heard,
As wafted on the breeze from busier scene,
Some distant sound borne faintly to the ear;
Soothing it comes; as feels complacence sweet
The heart of him, who hears at distant sea
The tempest rude, the whilst himself on shore,
In happiness reviews his tranquil lot.
O, Tower, though round thy walls no arbours grow,
No cooling shade, yet oft I'll visit thee;
View'd from thy height, more beauteous charm the eye,
The fields, the woods, the valley rich below.

J. W.

* An inscription on this Tower records, that it was built in the Year 1760, by Richard Hull, Esq. of Leath-hill Place. It stands on an eminence, commanding a very beautiful and extensive view; and had once a room, for the convenience of its visitors; but the inside has long since fallen to decay, and the entrance is now entirely blocked up.

† The name of a river near Dorking, so called from its running under-ground; or, more properly, from its finding a passage through banks of gravel, which occasionally obstruct its course.

ENIGMA.

ATTEND to my story, ye fair,
And hear what I have to unfold;
Important the office I bear,
Exalted the station I hold.

In the garden, the grove, and the plain,
No pleasure without me you'd know;
Fair Nature would flourish in vain,
And life would be darkness and woe.

For me, Taste and Fancy combine
With the arts their assistance to lend;
All charms, and all graces, would shine
In vain, if I did not attend.

When night bids creation repose,
Fring'd curtains before me are drawn;
With day-light again they unclose,
And my beauty unveil to the morn.

I'm gracefully canopied o'er
With a shade, over-arching on high;
With the swiftness of thought I explore
The valley, the hill, and the sky.

In black and in grey I appear,
Yet neither does mourning imply;
Tho' most I'm admir'd when I bear
The delicate hue of the sky.

Yet think not from sorrow or care
I'm exempt, or quite perfect my joys;
For so tender, so fragile, they are,
That an atom my comfort destroys.

In seasons when all is serene,
How lovely the brightness I boast!
But, alas! when the clouds intervene,
I'm dimm'd, and my beauty is lost.

CHARADE.

CHARADE.

MY *First* has been seen
To fly swift through the air,
And was lately on earth
Much admir'd by the fair.

If you're found in my *Next*,
It is twenty to one
But it shadows your beauty
As clouds do the sun.

My *Whole* by vile hands
Is oft cruelly beat,
Is of value and use,
Yet trod under our feet.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

I WISH tight shoes, and *corny* toes,
To every one of Britain's foes;
May those who treat this Isle with scorn,
Ne'er feed on its salubrious *corn*;
May Difficulty's *hill* be found
T' impede each foe on British ground;
May wealth and commerce ever fill
The busy street we call CORNHILL.

Correspondence, &c.

"The Triumph of Stratagem" *is reserved for the ensuing Volume.*

"Eldred and Elfrida" *arrived too late for insertion in the present Number, but will appear in due course. Further communications from the same hand will be very acceptable.*

If the Author of the "Elegy on the Death of a Lady of Twenty-one" *has no objection to its appearing without the Lady's name, it will be printed: but we have uniformly resisted the publication of the effusions of joy or grief, love or friendship, among private individuals. The gratifying a few in this way, out of the innumerable pieces that would be poured in upon us, would impose an irksome labor upon the Editor, and displease many by obliging one.*

INDEX

TO THE ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, &c. IN THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

A

Advantages of exertion, 177
Anecdote of Themistocles, 149
——— Charles XII 156
——— a generous commander, 255
——— a Swiss captain, 298
——— General Forbes, 327
———, fashionable, 338
——— Frederic the Great, 396
Areka, a plant, account of, 171

B

Bachelor's (Old) Wedding, 108
Bear-hunting, remarkable anecdote, 223

C

Cabinet of Fashion, 60, 133, 204, 276, 348, 420
Calumny, effects of, 181
Caroline, history of, 40, 92
Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth, memoirs of, 289
Cat, natural history of, 410
Charles XII. anecdote of, 156
Contentment, on, 118, 180
Conversation, on, 333
Coquetry, danger of, 13, 101
Correspondence, 72, 144, 216, 288, 360, 427

D

Dearness of provisions, effects of, 262
Detraction, thoughts on, 178
Disinterested man, 263
Doligny, adventures of, 319, 397
Dress, how most attractive, 404

E

Education, sketches of, 306
Elegy on a dog, 20
Emigration, observations on, 22
Emily, a fragment, 238

F

Female dress, on, 404
Florian, translation from, 157
Forty thieves, a drama, 338
Frederic the Great, anecdote of, 396

G

Generous commander, anecdote of, 255
Gordon, Duchess of, memoirs of, 145
Grafigny, Madame de, memoirs of, 73

H

Hint to Husbands, a comedy, 265
History of Mercatio and bellows-mender, 118
Huswifery, instructions to, 79

I

Idleness in solitude, danger of, 83
Jealous man, described, 240
Insanity, hereditary, misfortunes of, 256, 328
Intemperance, 27
Interested apparition, 175

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 48 SEP

L
Letter from Selima to the Old Woman, 155
Letter, affecting one, from a brother, 252
Literary Tribunal, 54, 127, 196, 268, 343, 412
Longevity, instances of, 84
Lottery, cautions against, 37
Luxury, consequences of, 409
M
Montgomery's Poems, account of, 234
O
Ogilby, Lady, memoirs of, 217, 301
Old Woman, LXXXIX. 1, XC. 77, XCI. 150, XCII. 293
Opportunity, on, 100
P
Parental cruelty, 250
Passions, on the, 195
Pilgrim of the Cross, extract from, 188
Prince of the mountain, 313, 373
Public amusements, 49, 265, 338
R
Riches, vanity of, 81
S
Sawbridge, farmer, his family, 241
School for Friends, new comedy, 51
Shipwreck, a drama, 381
Sleeping Beauty, a melo-drama, 49
Spanish romance, 157
Story of Mr. B—— and dog, 19
Swiss captain, anecdote of, 298
T
Themistocles, anecdote of, 149
Time, employment of, 312
Tusser's 500 Points, quoted, 79
V
Vauxhall; or, history of Caroline, 40, 92
Verulam, Lord, saying of his, 27
Village tale, 30, 85
—— tattle, No. I. 108, II. 229
W
Watering-places, on, 6
White Plume, a drama, 341
Wild cat, natural history of, 411

INDEX

TO THE POETRY.

A
Absence, pain of, 286
Acrostic, 144
Adventurer, 356
Ah, what is life, 284
B
Bravery, tribute to, 209
C
Charades, 143, 287, 359, 427
Child's soliloquy, 358
Come, come, dear Eliza, 63
Conjugal love, 421
Connubial happiness, 305
Consolation, sonnet to, 65
Consummation, sonnet to, 65
Corydon's invitation to Phillis, 423
D
Dejection, sonnet to, 64
Delia in mourning, 135
——, lines to, 285
Dove, lines on the death of, 357

E

Elegy, by the author of the Peasant's Fate, 205
——, 352
Eliza, or unabated love, 66
Enigmas, 72, 215, 426
Epistle from niece to aunt, 68

F

Fanny's fate, 138
First impression, 352

G

Grandmother, on birth-day of, 140
Grave, by J. Montgomery, 235
Gwyder, a Welch ballad, 349

H

Hope, sonnet to, 64
——, address to, 137

I

Idyllium to Mirth, 142
Impromptu, by Dr. Perfect, 135
Jealousy, sonnet to, 64

L

Laurina, 422
Leath-hill Tower, on, 425
Lines, by Caleb, 281
——, written at a ball, 423
Love disarmed, 358
——, address to, 359

M

Maid of Norway, 61
Maria, 353
Marriage of young lady, on, 284
Morning, temperate, to, 286

N

Nelson, Lord, on his death, 68, 70, 134, 207, 214

O

Ode on Winter, 207
Old Man's Petition, 135

P

Parents of young lady, to, 283
Party of pleasure, on, 354
Passion of love, 305
Poor Ellen, 206
Power of love, 214

R

Red-breast, sonnet to, 357
Retrospection, 142

S

Schoo'-boy, 213
Simplicity, to, 355
Sister-in-law, lines to, 210
Solutions, 144, 216, 287, 360, 427
Song, 137
Sonnets, 64
Sonnet to Red-breast, 357
Stanzas to Anna, 139
——— Eliza, 212
——— Snow-drop, 285
Strachan, Sir Richard, on his victory, 69
Sympathy, 282

T

Thought on Nelson's death, 68
Transport, the, 422
Tribute to bravery, 209

V

Victory, day of, 69
Verses to ——, by G. Dyer, B. A. 424

W

Wilhelm's Daughter, 277
Winter, an ode, 207

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